

"As a grotesque designer he has no living rival."—LONDON "ATHENÆUM."

Two Hundred Sketches.

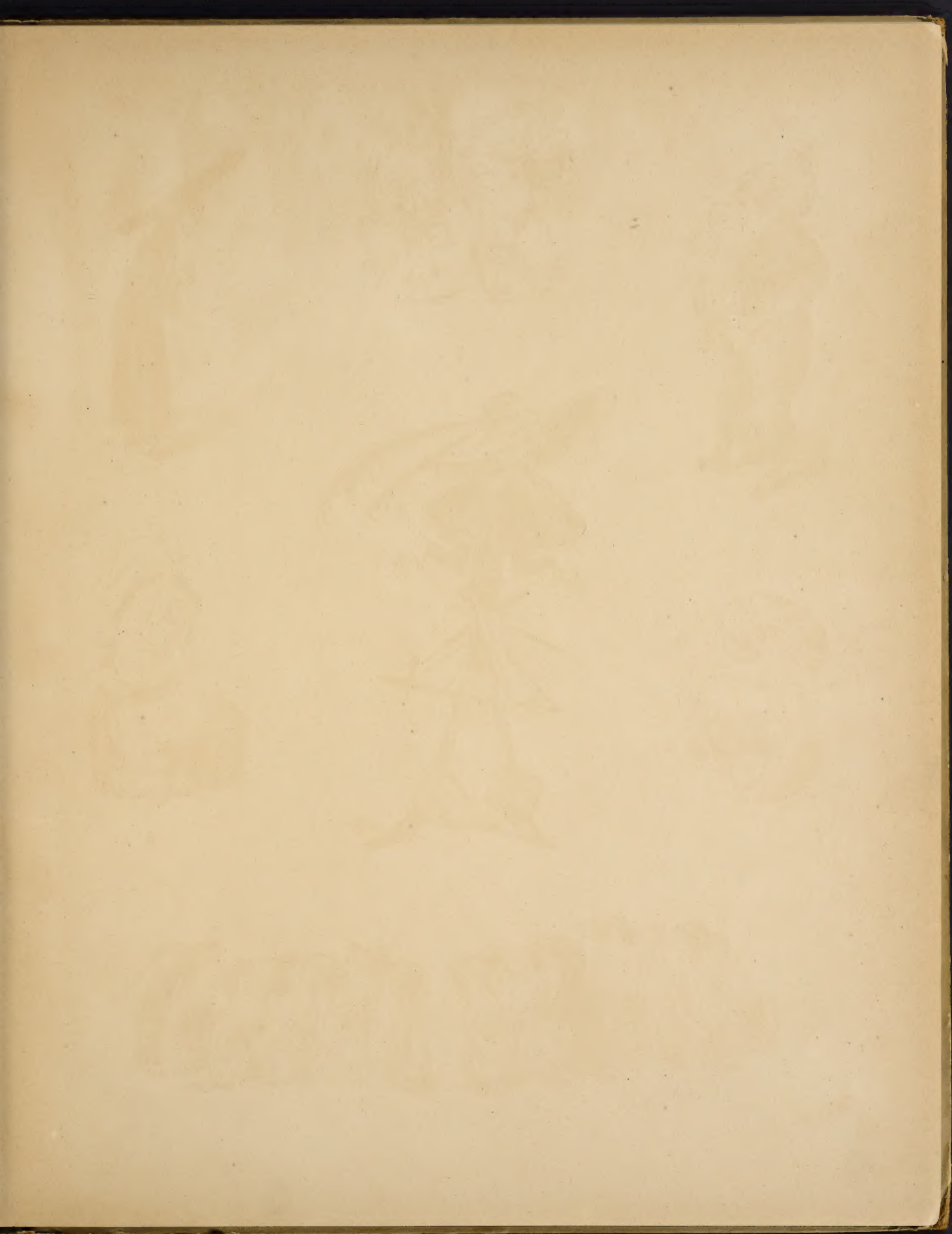
HUMOROUS AND GROTESQUE.



by
G. Doré

LONDON AND NEW YORK:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

CaA





TWO HUNDRED
SKETCHES,

HUMOROUS AND GROTESQUE.

BY

GUSTAVE DORÉ.



FOURTH EDITION.

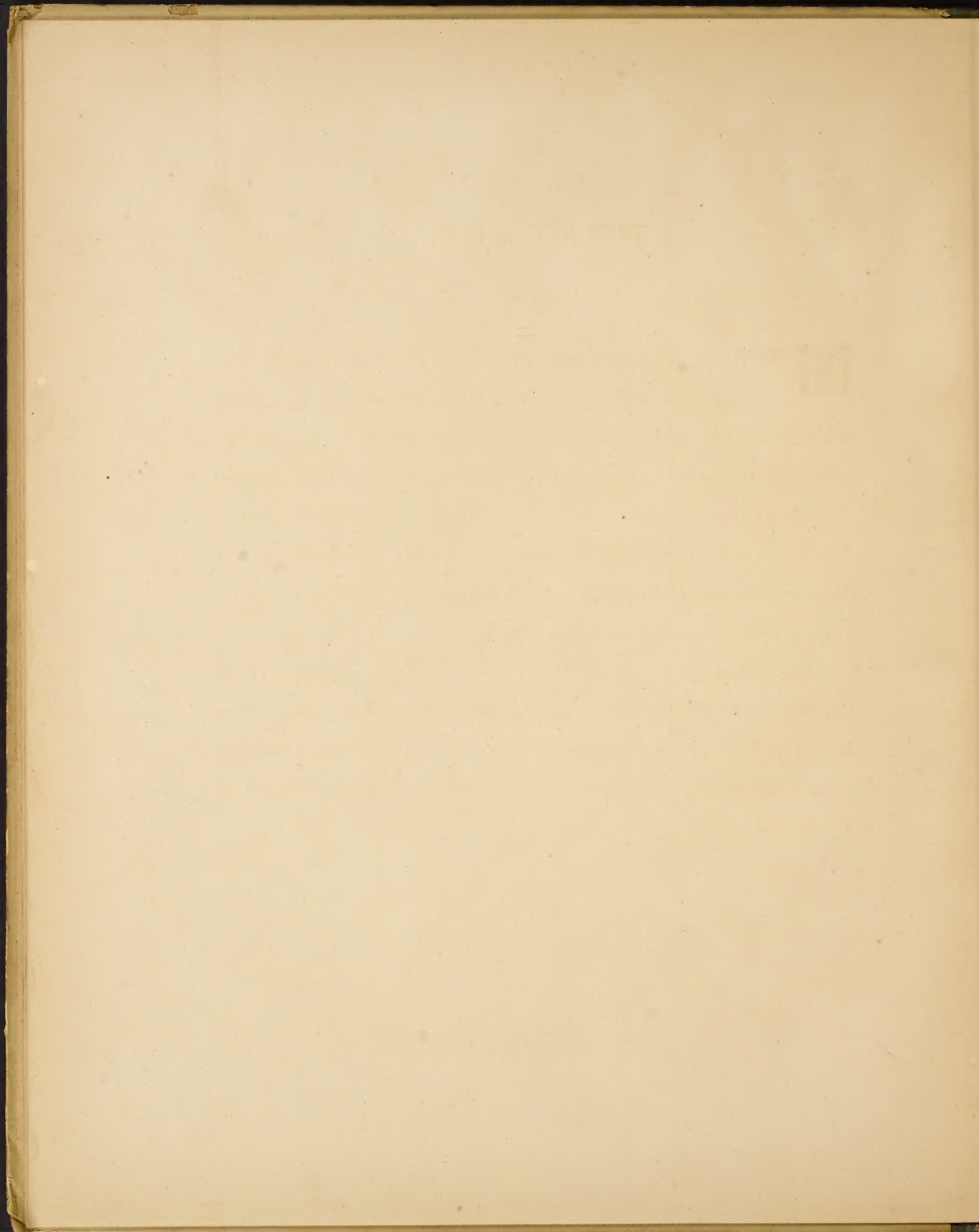
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P R E F A C E.

AMONG the many drawings by GUSTAVE DORÉ which have of late been published in England and elsewhere, comparatively few represent the Artist in the direction in which his real strength is generally confessed to lie. "As a grotesque designer," says one of the principal London literary journals, "he has no living rival, and few equals in former times;" but the works "with Illustrations by DORÉ" put forth to show his excellence, not unfrequently present him in that phase in which his peculiar talent is not exhibited to advantage.

The present volume shows GUSTAVE DORÉ as a master of the grotesque; and the Publishers appeal to the Public, to whom the volume is offered, confident in the expectation that the high estimate formed by those to whom these Sketches are already familiar, will be corroborated by the general verdict.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
GROTESQUE SKETCHES	11
PICTURES OF LIFE IN THE COUNTRY	15
LIFE IN THE PROVINCES	17
LIFE IN A LITTLE PROVINCIAL TOWN	23
DAY SCHOOLS AND BOARDERS	31
NEW YEAR'S DAY	33
AT THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS	35
PEOPLE WHO "GIVE THEMSELVES AIRS IN SOCIETY"	37
THE RACES	39
CONSEQUENCES OF THE LONDON EXHIBITION OF 1862	41
SKETCHES IN PARIS	45
PROPHECIES CONCERNING THE FUTURE OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE	47
PARIS OUT OF DOORS	51
SCENES IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES	54
GROTESQUE SKETCHES	55
THE TUILERIES GARDENS	59
THE ENGLISH IN PARIS	61
EXTRACTS FROM CELEBRATED AUTHORS	65
A SALE BY AUCTION	66
SCRAPS	67
THINGS WE SEE AND HEAR	69
THINGS THAT ARE AGREEABLE	71
SAYINGS AND DOINGS	72
THE COLLEGIANS AGAIN	73
THE WATERS OF BADEN	79





SKETCHES

BY

GUSTAVE DORÉ.



PRIMA DONNA.

PRIMA TENORE.

BASSO PROFUNDO.

There they are! three beautiful singers, and only cost £6,000 or £7,000 a year! Why, it's ridiculously cheap!



CHORUS OF CONSPIRATORS.

Enter Conspirators. They advance, singing in loud tones that gradually increase to a shout.

"Silence!—Si-i-len-n-nce! I see the dawn of day!

Let us hasten, LET US HASTEN, LET US HA-AS-TEN-N-N AWAY!"

[And they repeat this over and over again for three-quarters of an hour.]



CHORUS OF HUNSMEN—who have taken nothing.



TOUCHING UNANIMITY OF SENTIMENT IN A COMPANY—who have taken too much.



A DISTINGUISHED SOIREE OF AMATEURS.
Lovers of music, every one.



THE LAST GALOP BEFORE SUPPER.
Tremendous excitement!!!



"A little additional leisure will enable them to improve their minds."—*Vide Philanthropic Sentiments.*

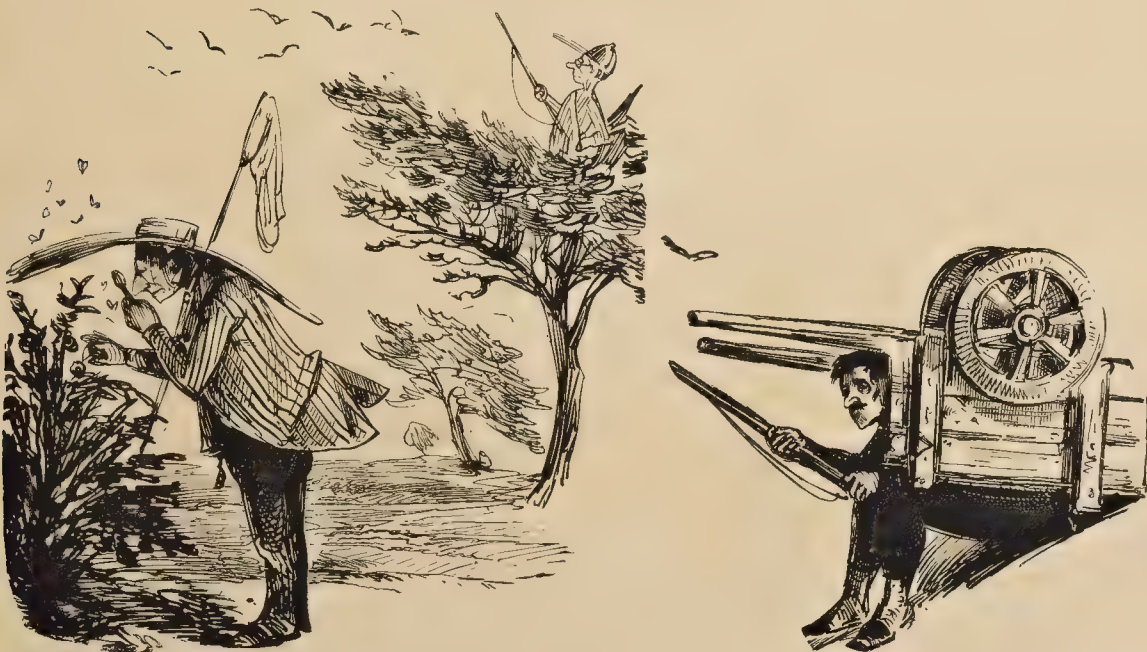


BUCOLIC GAME OF BOWLS.

Parties represented—Messrs. TITURUS, MELIBÆUS, CORYDON, STREPHON, &c.



We have our pleasures, of course. We can give our minds to improving reading—when the geese can be induced to let us alone; and we may visit the *neighbouring town*, fifteen miles off—when we can get a lift on the hay waggon.



There is some excitement in the chase; and here we have a variety of game animals, ranging from butterflies to blackbirds.

At first, we used to lie in wait for a stray rabbit; but they were too shy.



Occasionally we used to visit the town for a day or two; but our farmer was sure to write that two planks were loose in the pigeon-house, and that he must beg we would come back at once, for he was at a standstill.



This is how two of our bucolic neighbours acted upon the advice of the local justice, who recommended them to come to an amicable arrangement between themselves on a disputed point.



This is the only available conveyance for bringing us home from the provincial town to our country seat; and just as we start we are recognized by a city acquaintance, a great stickler for appearances, with whom we are especially anxious to stand well.



M. BERNIQUET receives a letter from his friend, M. GODINOT, who requests the pleasure of his company, as he feels bored in the country.

P.S.—M. Godinot will expect him at ten o'clock tomorrow morning.



Accordingly, M. Berniquet sets out with the courier, after once more reading the last paragraph, which leaves on his mind an impression that he is "to be bored in the country."



The provincial courier having dropped him at the nearest point, M. Berniquet is gratified to hear from a native, in answer to his inquiries, that M. Godinot's "château" is only six short miles off, straight before him, after turning round by Claude's field.



On reaching the ancestral domain of Godinot, he is received, in the first instance, by a mastiff, who is evidently anxious to ascertain if his calves are those of a robber. But Godinot himself cries out from afar that the dog never bites any one who does not seem afraid of him.



Godinot's first care is to display to his guest his possessions in the way of cabbage and beetroot, and to give a complete dissertation on their production. Berniquet, who has not the most distant idea of cultivating those vegetables, feels considerably bored.



Then Godinot drags him off to make acquaintance with the live stock. Berniquet would be quite satisfied if he could only get on a friendly footing with the dog.



Godinot proceeds to lecture on the antiquities in his park. Berniquet interrupts him to inquire "If his dog bites?"



But, to his great relief, a seemingly endless peal of the great bell announces that the soup is on the table.



The dinner is peculiarly strong in vegetables and fruit; and Godinot and his wife will talk nothing but agriculture, a subject which Berniquet declares to be quite out of his line.



The Godinots propose a walk. Accordingly, they march across a number of ploughed fields; and Berniquet, who suffers from corns, enjoys himself immensely, especially as the mastiff accompanies them.



Godinot, in the pride of his heart, declares that Berniquet must take home a basket of apples, which the latter has to collect. N.B.—He never eats that fruit.



But when his host suggests that gardening is a healthy employment, Berniquet pleads entire ignorance, and prefers looking at the view.



But he has to carry home a rake as heavy as a double-barreled rifle, whilst Madame Godinot leans gracefully, but heavily, on his disengaged arm.



In the evening the exciting game of lotto furnishes entertainment for the company, to say nothing of the amusement afforded by a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who, with a rich provincial accent, recounts his rabbit-shooting experiences. N.B.—He indulges in appropriate gesticulation very near the head of M. Berniquet, who is nervous.



The company retire to rest. The moon shines bright. But the moon shines over Paris too.



M. Berniquet is involuntarily compelled to observe the huge size to which insects grow in the country.



And at last—but no!—we will *not* name the horrid creatures to whom the last observation applies, and who prevent our friend from sleeping.



Towards morning he has the chance of getting some sleep, but "the early village cock" insists on "crowing salutation to the morn" at an untimely hour ;



So he dresses himself, and comes down to enjoy the morning air, and finds that dog waiting for him again.



Under these circumstances, the guest begins to reflect seriously ;



And makes up his mind at last to take leave of his host.



But the rain begins to fall in torrents ;



And there's nothing for it but to stay



Godinot points out that the weather is still uncertain, and entreats his friend to remain.



Diplomacy is brought into play. Berniquet writes a certain letter to the following effect: "I'm awfully bored: write and say you are dead."



Diplomacy takes effect. "Alas! my dear friend, my wife's dead. Here's her letter to tell me so."



Berniquet takes his departure, laden with the gifts of Flora and Pomona, and he notices that even the dog is loth to let him go.



SCENE IN A LITTLE PROVINCIAL TOWN.

Everybody knows everybody. Everybody bows to everybody. Everybody backbites everybody on every possible opportunity.

A LADY WHO IS "AT HOME" IN THE EVENING.



This is what they do on Monday evenings.



Here we have their amusement on Wednesday evenings.



And this is their pastime on Saturday evenings.



DAGUERREOTYPE VIEW OF A STREET IN OUR TOWN.

"O solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?"

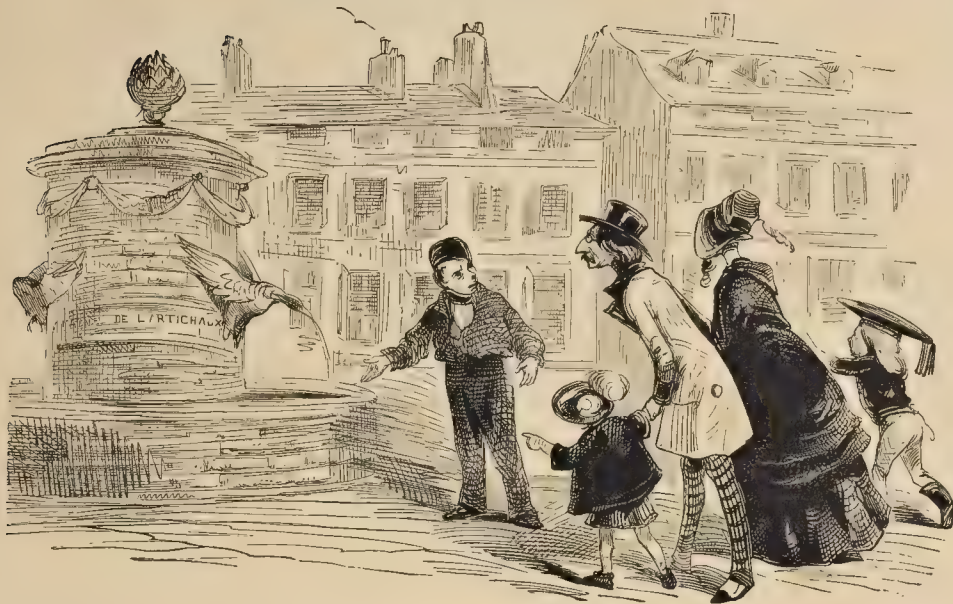


AN EXCITEMENT IS PRODUCED IN OUR TOWN.

The price of bread is officially announced.



But when THIS takes place, the excitement in our town is more easily imagined than described.



THIS IS A COMPANY OF STRANGERS ANXIOUS TO INSPECT THE "LIONS" OF OUR TOWN.

The Guide (*with an expression of conscious pride*). "Yes, sir! people come a long way to see our fountain. There are not many like it, surely."

[*The travellers think this not unlikely.*]



"You may be certain of having your coat properly cut, for we get the fashions here as soon as they have them in Paris; in fact, we hope soon to get them *before* Paris."



"You see, we don't make those particular cakes here; but if you require them very much, we can send for them to Paris."

N.B.—The cakes should be eaten *new*.



The county magistrate, overwhelmed by the burden of public business, seeks relaxation in country pursuits of an agricultural character.

N.B.—The spade is too heavy, and the soil a stiff clay.



Anxious as you are to live at peace with your neighbours, you demur at having your apple trees robbed by predatory bands of young villagers. But you are assured that your predecessor never objected.



This is the cheerful domain of which you have become proprietor, and the noble building in the background is what your friends call your "château."



A cavalry or an infantry regiment is to be located in our town. Great public rejoicings herald its approach.



Enthusiastic householders give up their beds to Messieurs les Capitanes, and are content to picnic in their own drawing-rooms.



The young ladies are seen to frequent the balconies and windows in a remarkable manner.



A grand opera is performed in our theatre, under the patronage of the officers. Cheerful and military appearance of the house.



A grand ball is, of course, organized at the Town Hall;



And the stewards, insisting that every one shall dance, set their faces against Ecarté.



But the lady mother shows herself anxious to
secure a son-in-law ;



Whereupon the warriors seek safety in precipitate
flight,



And find themselves somewhat at a loss
for amusement.



At last, one fine day, the regiment
marches away.



The young ladies give way to violent grief;
for which, however, they find consolation in
the strains of Verdi.



A GOOD-NATURED SORT OF DAY SCHOLAR.

FIRST BOARDER. "I say, Pachou, don't forget to buy me my pudding and my chocolate drops!"

SECOND BOARDER. "And, I say, Pachou, don't you forget my razor!"

THIRD BOARDER. "And, I say, Pachou, don't forget to get me the 'Blood-stained Bandit of the Desolate Glen' from the library!"



DAY SCHOLAR AND BOARDER.

DAY SCHOLAR (*with appropriate action*). "You see, this is how we dance; we wriggle like so many worms. Ah! the fellow who's not been at one of Musard's balls has been nowhere!" And the BOARDER thinks—"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, slavery, still thou art a bitter draught!"



OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

FOND PAPA (*reading in book*). "Dolphus, my boy, what's a gulf?"

DOLPHUS. "They call it a gulf, papa."

FOND PAPA. "Well, what's a gulf?"

DOLPHUS. "I don't know."



This is Jean Paul Choppart, a person celebrated for his attachment to our day scholars.



YOUTH WITH PIPE IN MOUTH (*to his friend*). "That's what comes of having gone to a hedge school in the provinces. Your mamma sends a servant to take care of you. Isn't it jolly?"



DAY SCHOLAR (*to pining BOARDER*). "Ah! it's all very well to talk of imprisonment, but see how you're kept from the allurements of the world, and from the deadly excitement of society!"



This is a Day Scholar who very frequently becomes a Boarder.



This is how old acquaintances salute each other on New Year's Day.



On New Year's Day the blouse gets fat at the expense of the black coat, which grows visibly thinner.



On this day this is how we visit our parents.



And this is how we visit our tutor.



And we of the Civil Service visit the Chief of our Department.



And we receive visits from cousins-german and non-german.



Occasionally some of our fellow creatures pay a visit to our pockets,



And receive a pressing invitation to visit the Prefect of Police.



The Momentous Question—Admitted or refused?



These artists are satisfied with their work.



This is an artist whose pictures have failed to attract attention.



These are artists whose works have been hung a very long way from the line.



Pupils of the painting school before one of their master's pictures.



This artist wonders how the idiots can admire Horace Vernet as they do.



This is the art critic! "What will he say about us?"



We need not say what has been the art critic's opinion of this painter's work.



Here is a man who gives himself the airs of a connoisseur in painting.



This man indulges in airs of meditation, and affects absence of mind.



And this one gives himself grave, reflective, philosophical, and mysterious airs.



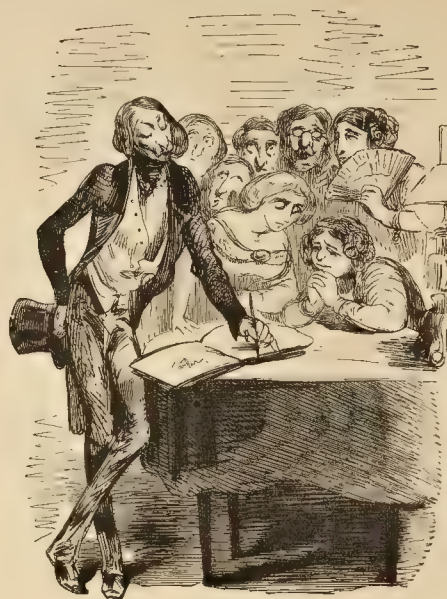
Here is a man who gives himself the airs of a patriot. He talks much of moderation, self-abnegation, and order; and thinks he could wear the cross of the Legion of Honour.



This man gives himself the airs of a Sir Charles Coldstream. He has tried everything, and found "nothing in it."



These young ladies give themselves airs of great simplicity—but, no, we can hardly say "give themselves airs," for the simplicity is evidently natural to them.



A gentleman who gives himself the airs of a great draughtsman, and especially affects facility of execution.



Monsieur gives himself the airs of a musician, because he knows just enough to turn over the leaves.



The idiot represented above gives himself the airs of an enemy of the public press.



And here is Idiot No. 2, giving himself the airs of a serious and modest man, who shuts his eyes to the vanities of the world. The fact is, he does not know how to dance.



A race as it appeared to a visitor who had never seen anything of the kind before.



The children should not get in the way — but then the nurses ought not to be gossiping with the soldiers.



It is possible to be *too* near the course in certain emergencies.



"I bet on Staggerer. Don't you see, my dear, how he's reserving his strength? — a hundred yards behind the rest — he has the race in hand!"



Sometimes it is inconvenient to be on duty at the races, some horses are *so* excitable.



"I've ten thousand francs to get from you, Monsieur."

"Quite right!"

[And he tries to look as if he rather liked it.]



Choosing a jockey.



Arrival of the winner.



Paganini, who has just won the principal race.



The landlord finds that all his lodgers are gone, and the furniture is gone likewise.



"I've saved twenty-five francs," says young Hopeful, "and I'm off to London!"



Birdseye view of what was passing in the Channel at the Exhibition time.



The steamers are almost inconveniently crowded.



It is very annoying to arrive just in time to see the boat go off.



Section of the Channel, showing its state in 1862. The fishes make up their mind to depart from a region where their privacy is so continually and unprofitably invaded.



The excursion trains are very cheap; but intending passengers will do well to insure their lives.



Condition of travellers who arrived by the late train, and could get no lodgings.



The latest quotations fixed the price of the third part of a bed on the roof at 300 francs.



Aspect of the ocean during the Exhibition time.



View of an uncivilized island whose precincts have been invaded by prospectuses of the Exhibition.



A shilling day. The Exhibition is much crowded. Machinery in motion, including a rotary saw, highly recommended by the inventor, and appreciated by the visitors.



An exhibitor expecting the advent of the Royal party.



Effect produced on the outward appearance of the Parisians by their visit to London.



The Catalogue; especially recommended as portable and easy of reference.



Remarkably limp condition in which the majority of visitors leave the building.



It is inconvenient to break a glass eighty feet square when one has only thirty francs in one's pocket.



What a very juvenile visitor saw of the Exhibition.



On his return to Paris, Monsieur Pouponnet introduces to his wife some interesting and agreeable strangers, with whom he has become acquainted during his stay in London.



The artists, editors, and proprietors of the *Journal pour Rire* desire to announce to the public the sad blow they have sustained in the loss of Dame Political Caricature, who suddenly deceased, at her residence, No. 29 Place de la Bourse.



The public will continue, as heretofore, to laugh and to have its pocket picked in front of Aubert's print-shop, which will not cease to be put in a state of siege by the admirers of good caricatures.



The Faubourg St. Germain, somewhat astonished at the march of events, will begin to think that it may have been wrong on certain occasions.



To be looked on with suspicion—Persons who shoot the moon, operations on the Bourse, and reports from California.



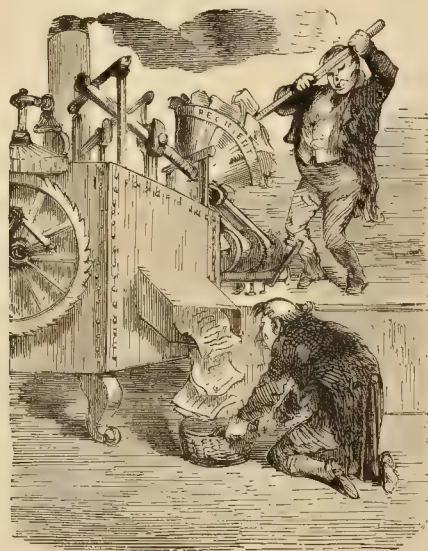
Until the resurrection of the journals takes place, advertisers will be compelled to seek new methods of publicity.



The *Journal pour Rire* will continue to extend its influence, and to penetrate into the most remote solitudes.



Our superfine livery servants, no longer satisfied with the substantial wages they now demand, will expect to be waited on by their masters.



Alexandre Dumas will invent a machine of fifty horse power, by means of which he will manufacture his romances, without seeing them, or touching them, or thinking of them.



The Chinese will continue to welcome, in their peculiar fashion, all European travellers who choose to come to Peking.



Men of science, and more especially men of no science, will continue to seek after aeronautic experiences, and to build castles in the air.



But his Majesty King Æolus will continue to have a good deal to say to inventors of aerial ships.



Italian singers will pursue their system of taking their ease, and at last will give the public (and themselves) their airs, seated before their audience.



The generation that's going out will continue to look down with supercilious pity upon the generation that's coming in.



The newspapers will continue more than ever, by accounts of sea serpents and other monsters, to spread horror and consternation among their subscribers.



But they will likewise continue, in the morning, to contradict the horrifying facts they have announced overnight.



In short, they will go on making the public believe that their wind-bags are lamps.



The pupils of the "Conservatoire de Musique" will continue to disdain the foolish prejudices associated with their sex.



The notes of the *soprani* will become higher in proportion as their dresses become lower.



Aubert's coloured caricatures will continue to delight children of all ages.



Ever anxious to offer novelty to its patrons, the management of the Hippodrome will send for some Esquimaux, and change its arena into a polar sea.



The worthy grocers will continue to dispense their merchandise with the most scrupulous justice. Their weights will be as exact as those of Themis.



Colonists in Algeria will continue to experience the varied amenities of colonial life.



Gentlemen of the above profession will continue to be very popular in France, especially among servant maids.



The gold-seeker will find a country full of charms and excitement for the naturalist, and will end his days there very agreeably.



A mother and daughter have ventured into the most dangerous part of the Boulevard des Italiens—but it is known that the French are the politest people under the sun.



It is, perhaps, as well to avoid those walks in which Parisian infancy disports itself at certain hours of the day.



INTERIOR OF AN OMNIBUS.

Agreeable choice of neighbours.



In the Champs Elysées the practice of the art of horsemanship is carried on, though a falling off is sometimes apparent.



NATIONAL THEATRE OF GUIGNOL.

Sensation drama!—Terrific combat between Punch and a nameless personage. Discomfiture and death of the latter.



THE NOBLE ART OF HORSEMANSHIP,

As exhibited gratis by the clerks and linendrapers' assistants frequenting the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne.



AERIAL VOYAGE.

Exceedingly cheap, and very agreeable—to those who have not the slightest tendency to dizziness in the head, or sickness in the lower regions.



Family exhibition of feats of agility and skill on the long rope.



This is what is called cold bathing in Paris—and under these circumstances the Parisians are supposed to learn to swim.



Warm baths—supposed to be soft water from the Seine.



RIDING MASTER (*loquitur*). "When your beast throws up his heels, you have only to hold on tight with your knees, and throw yourself backward."
 UNFORTUNATE RIDER. "Yes, but suppose you can't!"



"Ho! hou!"—"Grecian statues" exhibited in the Circus.



AN AMATEUR CONCERT IN A QUIET PROVINCIAL TOWN.

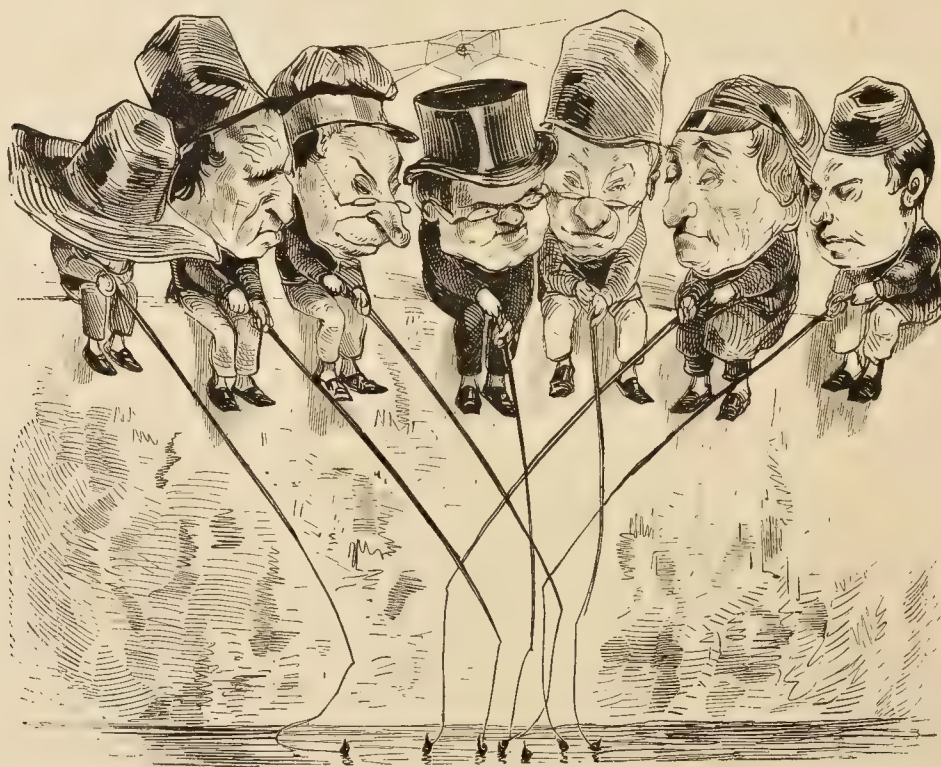


A PICNIC.

"Look out for the cork!"



"The hunt has not been very successful, but we're first-rate huntsmen." *Ecce signum!*



Innocent and primitive amusement, illustrating the pleasures of hope.



This is what we see in front of the palace from seven to nine o'clock in the morning.



The Basin. The passage across has been achieved in five minutes by the vessel here represented. Great excitement among the spectators.



The Grand Avenue between two and four o'clock in the afternoon.



The walk frequented by nursemaids, and much affected by soldiers.



THE FIRST GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.

"We shower a welcome on you; welcome all!"



Portraits of our visitors.



Horrible weather!



Some more portraits.



We do the honours of the city to our guests.



HOSPITALITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The Frenchman understands not a word of English, the Englishmen speak not a syllable of French; so they interchange ideas by signs and play of countenance, after the manner of King Zingataboo of the Cannibal Islands.



Grand International punch-bowl.



Native tailor, struck with admiration of the British costume, takes notes thereof.



Musical union.



Delicate attention. Friendship's offering.

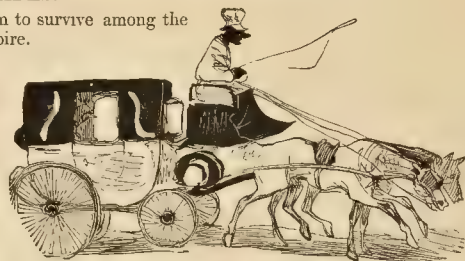


THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

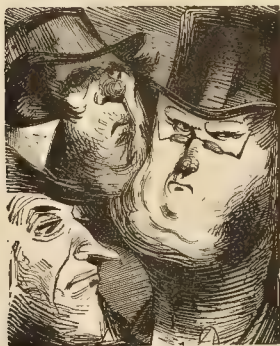
Certain embarrassing recollections would seem to survive among the veterans of the First Empire.



An English melomaniac.



In some particulars we do not shine by our superiority to other nations.



Some of our visitors.



More of our visitors.



Visit to Fattet, the king of dentists.



"Come, know the voice that strikes upon thine ear."



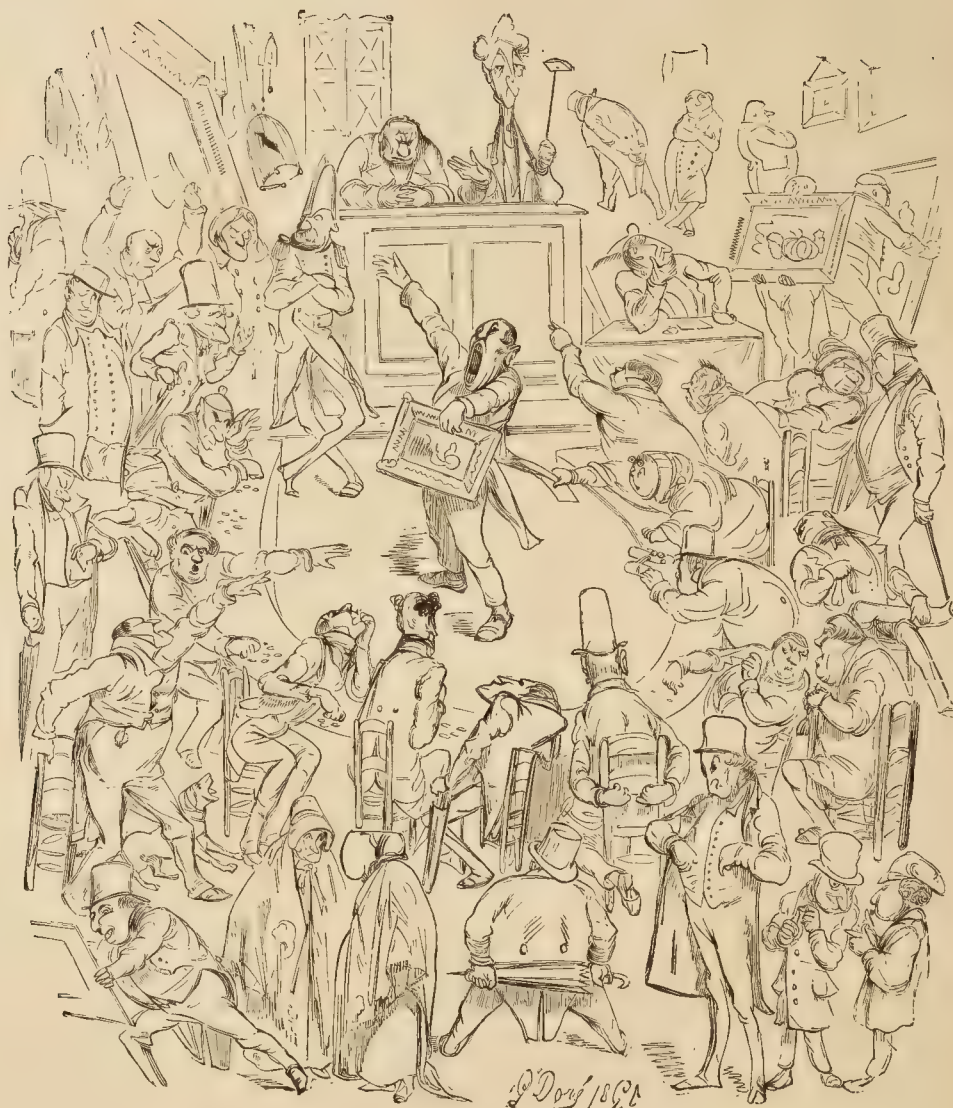
"Canst thou not hate, and yet conceal thy hate?"



"He will command thee to return his love."



"Mislike me not for my complexion."



"Fifteen francs for the Salvator Rosa! Fifteen francs! Does anybody say any more? Nobody? Going! going! gone!!! at fifteen francs."



Mademoiselle Euphrasie de Saint Aldebert, depilatory *artiste* for ladies and gentlemen. Private rooms, Rue de la Licorne, on the fifth storey above the entresol.



The wearing of India-rubber goloshes has been extensively adopted by the Parisian ladies, as a means of compelling the dandies to look higher than their feet.



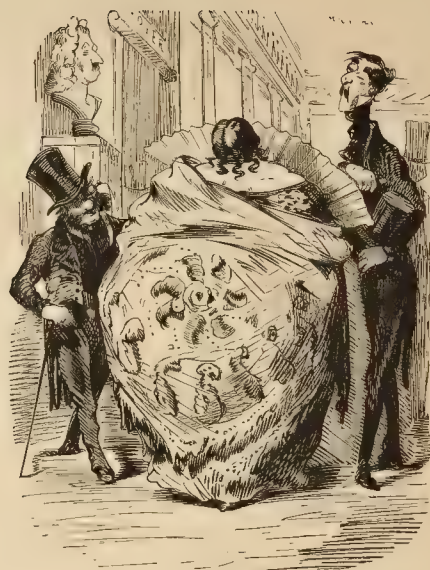
India shawls, extra broad, to serve a whole family.



What the handsomest shawl and the prettiest woman may come to at last.



The present style of playthings.



French shawls of extra width, warranted to go round our greatest Italian contralto.



Stolen delights are sweetest.



"Can I, O maiden, boldly say, I love thee?"



PREPARATION FOR THE DEGREE OF
BACHELOR OF ARTS.

"Monsieur Pedelou receives children as private pupils, and engages to prepare them for their Bachelor's examination in a period of two months. The gymnastic and cephalagic exercise to which their heads are subjected soon leads to the most graceful and satisfactory development."

N.B.—Terms payable in advance.



A GUARANTEED DEGREE.

"You will pass next week; this gentleman will do your exercise for you."



"My dear friend, there's so much deception going on in Paris, that I suspect those feet are like other feet."

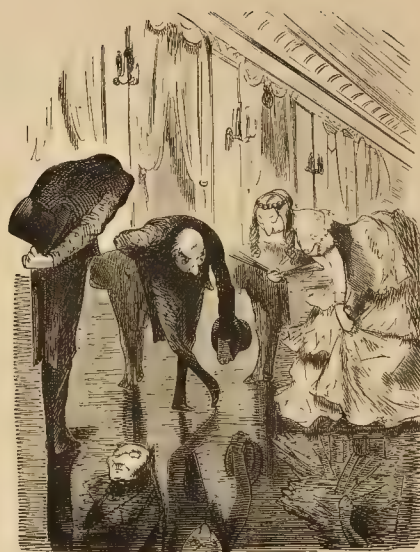


"Cod Liver Oil—an infallible medicine. Any one who once makes use of Cod Liver Oil, will most certainly be cured"—of all inclination ever to taste it again



"Drawing without a master, on Madame Cave's method."

N.B.—The style was applied on the walls of Paris long before the lady inventor was born.



What highly polished floors you find everywhere now-a-days; you may admire your toilette in them.



New coffee machines—far preferable to the old ones, inasmuch as they give you an opportunity of remaining a couple of hours longer at table;



At the end of which time they frequently give rise to a blaze of triumph.



It is very agreeable to pay an annual holiday visit to Paris—especially when it involves a great many visits to your experienced and skilful dentist.



It is very agreeable to meet some one in the streets in the evening, of whom you can ask your way; especially if that some one should present the appearance depicted above.



It is very agreeable to have a duck "bred on his own farm" sent to you by your dear provincial friend; especially when sent by express train at an expense of 17 francs, which you have to pay.



"Monsieur, what difference is there between your chocolate, and the Chocolate Menier?"

"Oh, Monsieur, there's a great difference."

"And what is this difference, may I ask?"

"Monsieur, ours is much dearer."



The new fashioned English fire-places are especially comfortable—except when something gets into the flue.



This is what happened to the gentlemen who neglected to buy their clothes of Becker, Denior.



Gentlemen who wish to be in the fashion as regards charms and knickknacks generally, should visit the emporium of Monsieur Bassot, Rue de la Paix, where they will find an assortment in gold, silver, bronze, &c., &c., lighter and more elegant than those depicted above.



"Monsieur, you say you make hair come again.

"Certainly, Monsieur, and I offer to forfeit 100,000 francs, 45 centimes to any one who can prove that my wash doesn't make it come."

"What, the hair?"

"No, Monsieur, the money."



SAINT CHARLEMAGNE.

Oh, happy day! when the Minister of Public Instruction shall authorize the collegians to leave off eating haricot beans, and the usher to say nothing when enough water is not put into the wine.



LAST DISH AT THE GREAT DINNER AT SAINT CHARLEMAGNE.

The reading of the prize essay: and it's always the dish least liked.



SAINT CHARLEMAGNE.

The grand toast, "To Charlemagne—coupled with the name of the usher of study No. 5."



A COLLEGE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

This is the way they were questioned concerning any faults they denied having committed.



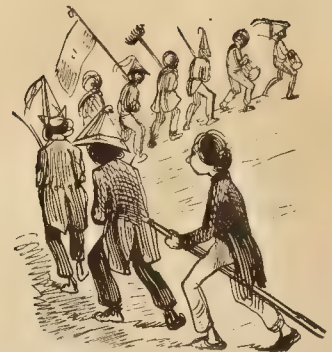
SAINT CHARLEMAGNE AGAIN.

The result of allowing "a little political discussion" at dessert.



A COLLEGE UNDER LOUIS XV

Chief study of the pupils.



A COLLEGE UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE.

Everything had a military appearance.



It is not always discreet of a pupil to bow to the usher.



"I say, attendant, can't you go and buy me a muffin?"



The advantage of having a relation to whom you can go on holidays. In the morning you may amuse yourself by looking out of the window. In the evening you can play at loto, and go to bed early.



The report reads thus: "Essay, barbarous—Exercise, uncertain—Health, good—Appetite, capricious—Temperament, idle, and exceedingly negligent."

"Young rascal!" says Papa.

"Poor little fellow!" says Mamma.



"What graceless pupil has dared to put this detestable paper on my table?"



"Monsieur, I have received your requisition to learn five hundred lines, but I shall report the circumstance to the principal."



THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

"This pupil must be put on a generous diet."
 "He's a very bad pupil!"
 "You must give him roast meat and made dishes."
 'He's an exceedingly bad pupil!!'



Philosophic studies carried farther than usual.



Before taking the Bachelor's degree.



After taking the Bachelor's degree.



A student of philosophy, formed in the school of solitude and misfortune.



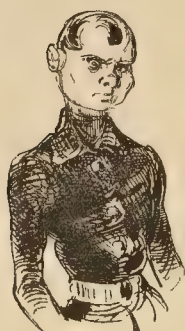
A pulse that *will not* beat at fever pace.



A born mathematician amusing himself.



"All right, Grandmother, I will be back directly. Just give me time to win five and twenty marbles of him."



"Five hundred lines!
Shall I have a stiff neck
or the colic?"



An usher of 1,500 line power every
day.



Discovery of literary and other dainties in the bed of a
confirmed invalid.



Two college friends of the old school.



The collegians at the play.
"What conquests brings he home?"



College in China, where the pupils are taught that the Blue
Spirit is hard as porcelain, &c., &c.



When he has drawn all the milk of human kindness out of you, your physician counsels you to go and drink the waters.



My wife says I require the waters.



A rich and used-up man, who often goes to the waters to renovate himself.



You are delivered up to the assiduities of the hotel touts,



"Doctor, you must send me to a watering place where I shall see Henri V."



One of whom forcibly seizes your portmanteau.



What we take to the waters.



What we often bring back.



On your arrival at the hotel, a list of the celebrities who patronize or have patronized the hotel is exhibited to you.



A Russian feeling the waiters.



A family who intend to make use of the waters of Baden.



Arrival at Baden. Activity of the German custom house officers.



You can get to Baden by a German railway—express speed, two miles and a half per hour.



Sketch of a waiter at Baden.



View of a staircase in the Hotel du Rhine.



View of the room in which they play at *Roulette* at Baden. This is the place greatly affected by patients suffering from diseases whose cure is dependent on the mind being kept very quiet and free from all excitement.



What a Frenchman does when he loses at *Roulette*.



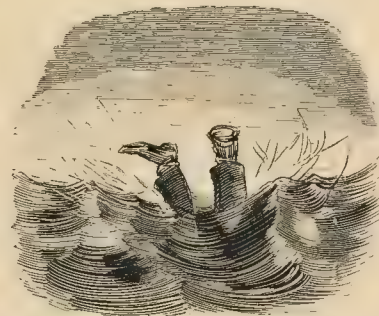
What an Englishman does when he loses at *Roulette*.



What a German does when he loses at *Roulette*.



The player whom fortune has favoured at *Roulette* dares not return home without the protection of a military escort.



Unfortunate gamester who has nothing more to lose, and yet cannot "quit the waters"



Daily concerts of saxhorns in the Conversation Saloons.



This is how we must converse while the concert is going on.



These are people who have come to the waters to get cured of a chronic disease.



Lively interchange of thought in the Conversation Saloons of Baden.



A German novelist.



Three Prussian officers, as they appeared walking in the Conversation Saloons.



Lively and interesting conversation on a fine evening at Baden.



A TABLE D'HÔTE AT THE WATERS.

Moral sufferings of the invalids, who observe the manners and customs of the convalescent.



Inconvenience of meeting old acquaintances when you are out walking with your family.



But it is far worse to meet the gentleman whose mortal challenge in Paris was the chief reason of your visit to Baden.



If you want to make acquaintances, you need only pass the salt to a gentleman at table,



And he'll stick to you like a brother.



Sentimental English lady, who is decidedly out.



Equestrian excursion on the mountains in the neighbourhood of Baden.



The other side of the mountain—and of the expedition.



Our medical man: a charming creature—but you must not, for your life, speak a word to him about your health.



A sentimental French bather.



Musical attractions at the waters this year.



Family attacked by wild beasts in the forests of Baden.



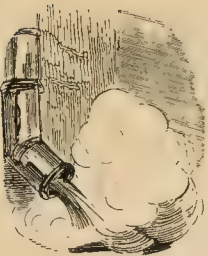
Majestic view from the summit of a mountain near Baden.



The managers of the pleasures and promenades have hit upon the happy notion of chaining an eagle upon the summit of each rock.



The hour for going abroad.



Interior view of the chalybeate establishment.



View of the verdant vicinity of Baden, and of its foreign admirers.



The delights of music woo you every hour of the day.



A street in Baden at the end of the bathing season.



Interior of a Baden hotel in winter.



French manner of taking
the waters of Baden.



Agreeable method in
which visitors are escorted
through the apartments
of His Serene Highness
the Grandissimo Duke of
Baden.



"Monsieur Milord, no smok-
ing allowed in this walk, except
from eight to ten."



Extract from Guide Book :—"At about a mile from Baden you will come upon the
ruins of the majestic castle of Baden."



A dog who has ventured into
a Baden promenade.



"Monsieur, it is forbidden to gather mushrooms."



Germanic confederations to be seen in the promenades
at Baden.



A villa at Baden. Dovery to be let to any two doves
who object to being pigeoned at the hotel.

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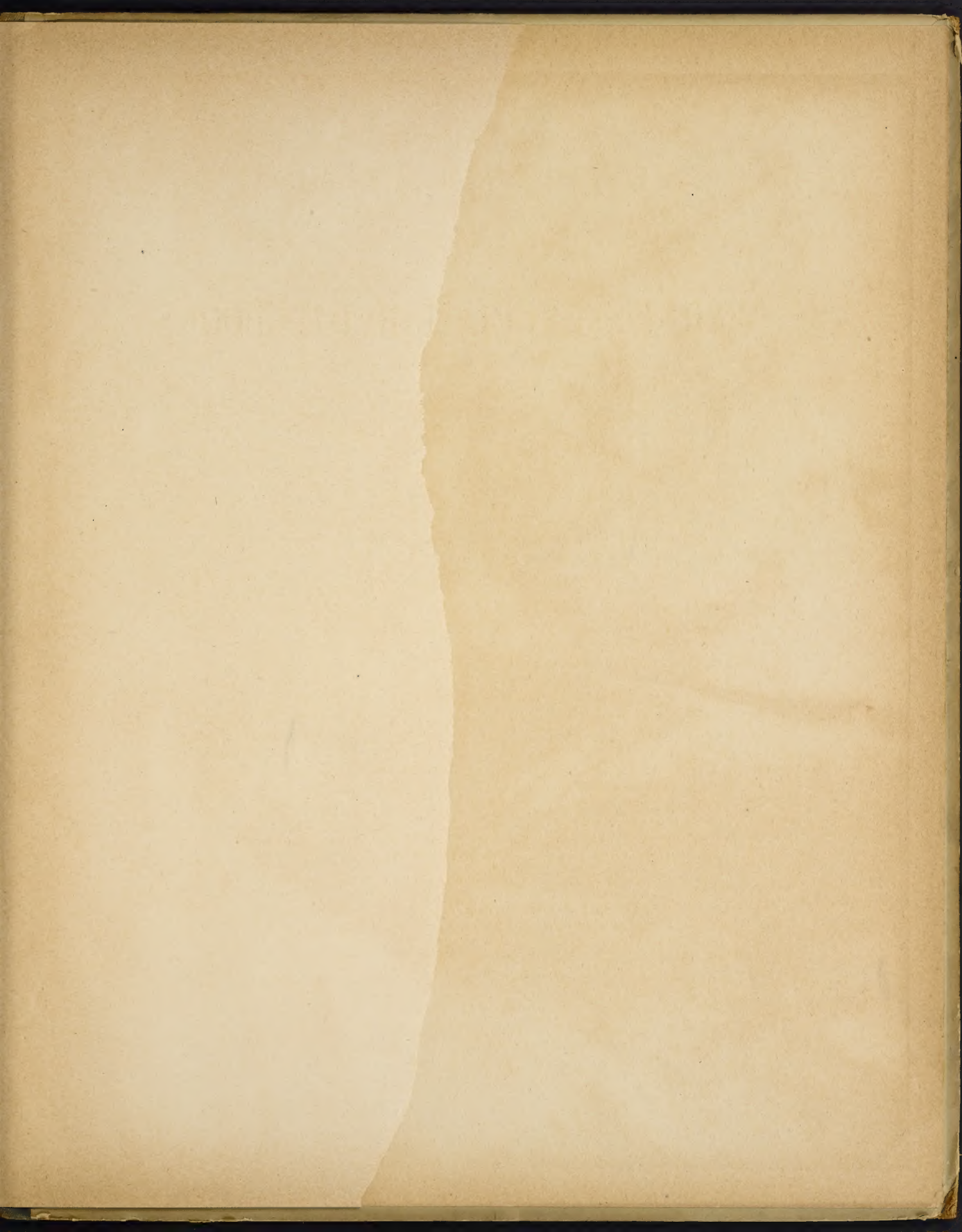
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| 13. PUNCH AND JUDY. | 45. CURLY LOCKS, &c. |
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| 22. NURSERY LULLABIES. | 66. RAILWAY A B C. |
| 23. THE ROBINS. | 67. A, APPLE PIE. |
| 24. THE SILLY LITTLE BAA-LAMB. | 68. ALPHABET OF ANIMALS. |
| 25. THE TINY TEA-PARTY. | 69. MOTHER GOOSE. |
| 26. THE ALEXANDRA ALPHABET. | 70. MOTHER HUBBARD. |
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16. NURSERY RHYME ALPHABET.	47.
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